

THE
MUSICAL WORLD

A Journal and Record
OF
SCIENCE, CRITICISM, LITERATURE, & INTELLIGENCE,
CONNECTED WITH THE ART.

NUMBER
CCC.

{ PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, AT NOON. }
{ PRICE THREEPENCE;—STAMPED, FOURPENCE. }

New Series
CCVIII.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1841.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, and never was its coming more anxiously looked forward to, or its aspect more hopeful of seasonable and reasonable enjoyment. Let us shew our true wisdom by celebrating it with appropriate homage and honours, and by partaking, with an honest relish, its festivities, its merriments, ay, its very extravagances; the wisest may afford, for once, to put off their gravity; the weakest may, for once, be tolerated; the wealthiest cannot be more than jovial; the poorest, we trust, will have wherewithal to promote rational hilarity; and thus, for a season at least, mankind shall revel in their most innocent and happy pristine equality.

Hail to Christmas! All hail to the sabbath of the year! What Sunday is to the little worlds of domestic life—a brief rest from labour, a social feast, a kindred communion, each made holier by the sacred associations of the hour—that is Christmas to the larger family of the wide-peopled world. Hail, then, to the universal holiday! to the great conventional table-spreading! to the compulsory drawing back of age, and the licence of youth! to the lawful oversteppings and outrubbings of Prudery's chalked line! to the hearty and general greetings "in the market-place," and in pleasanter localities! to the mock summer show of green leaves and red berries! the silent groanings of mahogany under roast and boiled! "the great globe itself," so studded with sweets that every tooth of knowledge claims a freehold in it, the PUDDING! Hail to the Wassail, the log fire, and the mistletoe—the hot-cockles, the merry-go-round, the mingling laugh, and the unrestricted romp and rumpus, and all the most sensible and venerable mummeries of the season! and hail to the presiding Genius, (romantic, exuberant, half-ebrious, and whimsical though he be,) under whose potentially lax domination the Christmas of our forefathers, which contributed to make them

good and wise and happy, came to be a chronicled and cherished period; and under whose mirth-moving despotism we fervently pray that our greatest great grandchildren may be helped in their laudable endeavours to become better philosophers and worthier people than ourselves.

Deeply indebted, indeed, are we to that spiritual influence—that “voice potential,” at whose silent, but acknowledged command, the freezing air is kept in vibration by the bustle and din of arriving visiters in omnibuses and broken-down coaches, and by the permitted tin-trumpets and pea-shooters of broken-up schoolboys—under whose omnipotence the fog of our drawing-rooms is penetrated and neutralized by the human sunshine of healthful young faces, and the dormant echoes of the dullest back parlour are roused by the laughing music of urchin voices. Indebted are we for the magnetism that re-unites the sundered and the congenial—for the amiable inspiration that occasions overloaded waggons from the country, and accumulates hampered dainties in the pantry—for the voluntary crowding of six upon the front rows of theatrical boxes, and the no less liberal cramming of Christmas boxes into the ‘prentices pocket—for the thawing away of winter out of doors, and for the bringing over our thresholds that pleasantest of second-sight revelations, a foretaste of Nature’s own holiday, the generous Spring. These are matters which tend to make life really vital; and which, however sceptical the misanthrope may be—if, indeed, misanthropy *can* exist at Christmas—these are the essential antidotes of that care, and toil, and sweat of the brow, which are but too sensibly and evidently entailed upon us—these, however low the quicksilver may fall, make man’s heart an unfrozen fountain, woman’s smile an unnnipt rose, children the singing birds of the season, and home a perennial Eden.

Amongst the priests and priestesses who assist in the rites of this great arch Pagod of the winter solstice—foremost amongst the vestal cookmaids, sacerdotal sumptors, and megrim-flogging knights Templars, who concur in the orgies, right satisfactory is it to us to remember and to jog the memories of the ungrateful, that the children of Music form so large and so conspicuous a portion of the solemnizing train—that however Momus, and Mrs. Glass, and Dr. Kitchener, and Mr. Hennikey, who dispenses excellent milk punch, and Mr. Farley, who used to propagate excellent pantomimes, may aspire to be considered as high cardinals in the ceremonial, Music herself is the highest High Priestess—the Pope Joan, if you will—of the carnival; as must be acknowledged when we call to mind the sacred and secular music doings of the season, and catalogue the Waits, Carollers, Anthem Choristers, grave Chanters, Madrigalians, after-dinner Songsters, after-supper Quadrille players, and other musical functionaries, whose devout endeavours promote so large an orthodoxy in the great solemnization. To each and all of those worthies, for ourselves and for all whom their loving labours are to benefit, we offer our most cordial and honest greeting—to every music lover, we address our earnest exhortation, that he or she will aid and prolong the Universal Harmony—to the whole musical world, professors and perpetrators, vocal and instrumental, military and civil, churchmen and laymen, from Mr. Hobbs in his

surplice at Westminster, to Mr. Blewitt with his baton, amidst the pantomime glories of old Drury, and to all above, below, or between those respected personages, we wish, in unequivocal sincerity, the full enjoyment of a merry Christmas;—to the courteous Reader we present our grateful thanks for toleration and encouragement, together with all that is kindly meant, and wished for, and comprehended, in THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON. C.

CONGREGATIONAL PSALMODY.

"I QUITE agree in the assertion that the singing in our country churches is in a very unsatisfactory state, and, generally, not at all *improved* by modern alterations. The rude psalmody which prevailed in our country churches some years ago, was scandalously bad, but it was the remains of the simple and sublime congregational singing of the Reformation, and, to my ear, it is, when now occasionally heard, quite a treat, after the poor mawkish scraps from the drawing-room and the play-house, which have been very generally introduced by some musical gentleman or lady, who has endeavoured to reform the music of their parish church, or by uneducated organists. I conceive that all adaptation of profane music to the service of the church is highly improper; it is very offensive to those who are acquainted with music, and is calculated to amuse and dissipate the mind from the exercise of devotion in which it is engaged, instead of assisting and enlivening it in it. The music of psalmody should be at the same time sublime and simple. It should be sublimely solemn, expressive of nothing but serious devotion, humiliation, or joyful thanksgiving, according to the subject-matter of the psalm or hymn. And it should be *simple*, so that all may join in it. Now these qualities are united in the tunes of our old Reformers, and some others of a similar character, and in no other music whatever. They are many of them so *sublimely beautiful* that the finest composers have despaired of imitating them; and they are so *simple*, having but *one note* to each syllable, accompanied by a fine succession of harmonies, that all may join without confusion. *Almost all* have an ear and command of voice sufficient for such plain, slow melodies, and a multitude of voices singing these tunes in a subdued tone, has a solemnizing and touching effect, which the finest scientific music cannot produce. This is the only music which, in my opinion, is entirely suitable and profitable in public worship. The Reformers introduced singing, which was of a piece with other things, of the *finest quality*, and of the *simplest form*, suited, like the Gospel itself, to the most cultivated taste and the simplest capacity."—From Felix Farley's *Bristol Journal*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MISS FANNY RUSSELL.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Can you say who *Miss Fanny Russell* is, and who has been her Master? Is it a fact that she is married? Having been induced to attend her Concert from your notice of it, I certainly never was at a concert where I was more amused; what a magnificent chorus! Don't you think it a pity some one does not take her by the hand? Can you say if she intends going upon the stage? Have you any idea if she has a Master here? And do you think her voice is such that would repay one to send her to Italy, if she would go, for the purpose of study?

By your answering these questions, you will greatly oblige an old and faithful subscriber,

MUSICUS.

[All we know on this subject is, that *Miss Fanny Russell* is married, and that she comes from Bath. Of the other particulars we are profoundly ignorant.—Ed. M. W.]

THE OPHICLEIDE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—You would confer no slight obligation on the musical world by raising up your voice against the sufferance of that intolerable bore—the “ophicleide” at the promenade concerts. Its everlasting *growl*, *grunt*, or *roar*!—call it what you will, is an abominable nuisance, marring the harmony of the choicest pieces, whether overtures or quadrilles. And, as if this were not enough, we are every now and then treated, forsooth, with a *solo*! (By the bye, the performer on these occasions ought to appear as *Caliban*.) Surely, it is high time this instrument should be banished from the orchestra, and make room for the (improved) *serpent*. The latter instrument, although not perhaps exactly adapted for *solos*, is yet infinitely superior to the ophicleide; its tone being mellower, and it combines and amalgamates better with instruments of the reed species, besides forming, as it does, an appropriate contra-basso to the bassoons, by the side of which (and not among the brass instruments) it ought properly to take its seat. Independent of its own intrinsic worth, its graceful form would add variety to, and present a conspicuous ornament to the orchestra.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

ANTI-CALIBAN.

Paddington, Dec. 20, 1841.

THE BLACK-KEY SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The tune fumbled out by Mr. Somebody on the black keys of a pianoforte, was not “Woo’d and married and a’,” but “Ye banks and braes,” which any fumbler may easily find by playing the air in G flat, or F sharp, every note of which is producible from the five black keys. Mr. Wilson favoured his audience by playing the melody on the pianoforte; and stated, as a further proof of the easy mode of composing Scottish music, that a cat, possessing what is termed a musical ear, or two, as the case might be, by scampering over the keys of a piano, might produce a most admirable Scottish melody! The musical bump of the late John Davy shewed itself at a very early period of his life, by his stringing together eight horse-shoes, tuned in the diatonic scale, and striking them with a small rod of iron, in imitation of the bells in the steeple of Crediton church. There is an air well known by the name of “A rose tree in full bearing,” which may be played on the black keys, with the exception of one note. Moore has claimed this melody as Irish, and has written beautiful words to it, commencing with, “I’d mourn the hopes that leave me;” so, whether Ireland or Scotland may boast of being the founder of the black-key system, we leave antiquarians to settle. Many of our readers will recollect that Mr. Sheild introduced the air alluded to, in “The Poor Soldier,” owing to which, it has been considered as his composition; perhaps some of your correspondents may be able to throw some light on the subject, for your columns have always been open to contributions calculated to give information, provided they be written with a kindly feeling, and agreeably to the rules of *harmonious counterpoint*.

I am, Mr. Editor, your very constant reader,

C SHARP MAJOR.

REVIEW.

Seventeen Variations Sérieuses pour le Pianoforte. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.
Op. 54. J. J. Ewer.

The cognomen affixed to this work would seem to imply that, according to Dr. Mendelssohn's opinion, most variations are a joke; and we must avow that we agree with him; for, with the exception of some few specimens of this kind of musical exercise from the works of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Spohr, we never encountered anything of the sort from any composer whatever, that was not tiresome and ridiculous in the extreme. The subject chosen by

Dr. Mendelssohn, on this occasion, upon which to display his ingenuity, is very charming, though the followers of Cherubini's system of harmony, might object, and, perhaps, with reason, to the false relations in page 1, bar 2, between the B natural in the chord of the seventh on E (in the bass), and the B flat in the 6—5—3 on G (in the treble); as also in bar 6 of the same page, between the E natural in the chord of the seventh on E (in the bass), and the E flat in the common chord of C minor, immediately following (in the treble); and again in the same page, bar 15, between the C sharp in the chord of God knows what! (we do not!) in the treble, and the C natural in the chord of the sixth on A in the bass—these peculiarities, we say, might be objected to reasonably by the followers of such and such a system; and as they occur in almost every one of the seventeen variations, we conclude that, to those gentlemen, the present effort of Dr. Mendelssohn will be looked upon—to use a professional epithet much in vogue—as considerably beastly. However, our ears are by no manner of means of the acutest, and twenty times worse things would pass us unnoticed, *had we not the text before us*, but having the text before us, we consider ourselves bound to accuse Dr. Mendelssohn of his transgressions, and to put him on his defence. It is easier to criticise than to create; and, consequently, we venture the above objections, which, bear in mind, reader, we only assert *might* be made by certain of the system-bitten, with no ordinary reluctance. Dr. Mendelssohn seems to have taken the idea of his work from the celebrated thirty-two variations of Beethoven, (two to one for you, most erudite Doctor!) on a subject by Diabelli. Considerable ingenuity is displayed; the first two pages, to our understanding, are divine, the remaining thirteen being much more difficult, require a closer acquaintance before a fair judgment can be given; nevertheless, on the whole we have derived no inconsiderable pleasure from the perusal of the entire composition, and can safely recommend it to every admirer of its gifted author.

Barcarole without Words. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. J. J. Ewer.

Here we have Mendelssohn once more on the water, in a gondola, wooing the moon with sweet music, and administering golden dreams to the dormant fishes. Everybody on perusing this, will call to mind the delicious barcaroles in G minor and F sharp minor, in his "Songs without Words." Though inferior to either of these, the barcarole before us has enough of Mendelssohn to make it welcome to the lovers of his most captivating school, and sufficient of floating melody, and piquant harmony for the amateur of music in general. It is a delicate snatch of song in the key of A major; and as points which we affect, we may mention the anticipation of the harmony by the melody, in the first bar of the last line in the opening page; the modulation into C—clever and agreeable, if nothing new—in the next page; and the refusal of the bass to go to the key-note at the end of the song, thus saving a bar, and proceeding with the ritornello.

Dussek's Sonata, "La Piu Bella." With additional passages up to F in alt. By his Nephew, Pio Cianchettiui. D'Almaine and Co.

We were not cognizant of the fact of Dussek having designated the sonata in B flat, "La Piu Bella." It is one of the celebrated three Op. 35, dedicated to Clementi, and, spite of its many beauties, is assuredly the weakest of the set. The first movement opens with much dashing energy, and is well sustained for nearly three pages, when Dussek falls into his invariable error, of coming to a long passage in the dominant, before his second motivo begins, thus depriving the latter of all the freshness arising from change of key. The passage is, however, so elegant, that we are loth to scold it, though we are compelled to assert that ten entire bars might advantageously be omitted, from the first bar of the fifth line in page 4, to the second bar of the third line in page 5 inclusive, and by this nothing would be lost, for the passage comes over again after the second motivo, and helps to conclude the first part. The second part of this movement, as is usual with Dussek, is replete with beauties; but the effects are derived rather from startling modula-

tions than from contrapuntal ingenuity, and, as must unavoidably ensue, the modulations being too frequent, lose half their charm. In page 11, we are again inclined to omit the greatest part of a lengthy passage on the dominant of B flat, leading back to the first subject, which occupies an entire page, and has no interest whatever. Of course, with so great a man as Dussek, such a liberty may not be taken; but we point out these defects for the sake of example, in order that other composers who have not his beauties may, at least, avoid his faults. Yet once more we are for a huge cut, from the first bar of the fourth line in page 12, to the first bar in the fifth line of page 13 inclusive, which is all superfluous matter, consisting of the passage we have already singled out, which in the last part is guilty of the same misdemeanour as in the first—viz., that of anticipating the key of the second motive; and as this passage is introduced subsequently to the said motive, nothing whatever would be lost by its omission. This sonata contains neither minuet nor slow movement; it is however quite long enough without them, consisting of two lengthy movements. The finale is a much more musician-like effort than the movement we have just analysed, and it is quite refreshing to find that the dominant subject is not anticipated by a tiresome passage in the same key. The second part of this movement is masterly and splendid, the modulation sparing, the writing admirable, and a pedale on F, page 23, leading back to the first subject, superb; indeed, the whole movement is faultless, and shews us Dussek in his happiest mood, exercising his judgment as well as his fancy. What a pity he did not always so! as it is, he only ranks lower than Beethoven as a writer for the pianoforte; had he studied, he might have been his equal. Having said so much of the sonata, we may be expected to say something of the "additional passages" of the judicious nephew. Be it so. Reader, whoever thou art, if thou purchasest this sonata, a step we strongly advise thee to take, put thy pen through the alterations of this model of nephews; stick to the uncle, who will lead thee over the most beautiful part of the instrument, whereas the nephew will have thee incessantly apeing the flageolet! Oh, paragon of nephews! canst thou find no better employment of thy time, than in spoiling thine uncle's music? Out upon thee! spoil thine own, (if so be thou canst, which is doubtful,) but leave thine uncle to those who understand him and revere him; neither of which, it would seem, dost thou, albeit thou beest his nephew!

Spohr's Overture to the Alchymist, as a Pianoforte Duet, by Zerbini. "Echo of the Opera." No. 1. (New edition.) Wessel and Stapleton.

Perhaps no overture of Spohr's is more captivating than this. It is, however, so well known, and so highly appreciated, that an analysis would be superfluous. We have only, then, to speak of the arrangement, which is admirable, and gives an excellent idea of the orchestral effect—not a point is lost, not a shade of expression passed over, *not a note is added* (a lesson for M. Czerny, with his cumbersome derangements)—but the whole, when rendered by two efficient performers, is only inferior in effect to its deliverance by a fine orchestra. We heartily recommend it.

Le Soir; esquisse pour le Piano. Dedicée à Monsieur Frederic Chopin, par Henry Brinley Richards. E. Troupenas. (Paris.)

A flowing and agreeable bagatelle, in the manner of Mr. Sterndale Bennett; shewing that Mr. Richards, though he has dedicated his sketch to M. Chopin, is strongly imbued with the style, and well acquainted with the compositions, (particularly the fantasia in A major, and the "allegro grazioso" in the same key) of his talented countryman. The motive of this *esquisse* is very elegant, and the passage marked "pastorale" is charming. We should prefer the omission of bars 3, 4, line 4, page 3, which are somewhat bombastic, and quite out of character with the gentle tranquillity of the rest; besides which, two stops on the chord of A would be saved, which, in the peculiar place where they occur, would be anything but a loss, as there are no less than six full closes on A in succession.

The second part is patchy, and little to our liking; and the false relation on line 1, bars 5—6, of page 5, between the A sharp and A natural, is intensely unpleasant; surely there is no necessity for an A sharp at all. We are, nevertheless, very glad to be able to give our candid praise to this little sketch, which, a few weaknesses excepted, is a very agreeable trifle, and does much credit to its clever young author.

"The Tender Greeting." Spanish Romance. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.
No. 242 of the "Series of German Songs." Wessel and Stapleton.

A quiet bit of tristful melody, though less attractive than many we have lately reviewed by this prolific composer. We cannot, however, expect all his songs to be as enchanting as "Fairer the Meads are growing," "Come to the Greenwood," or such like snatches of actual inspiration. Suffice it, the air of the present song is unaffected and simple, the accompaniment tasteful and unpretending, and the final prolongation of two bars, apart from a false relation or two, ingenious. We wish we could say as much for nineteen songs out of twenty that come under our notice.

Galop from "Les Diamans de la Couronne" of Auber. Burgmüller.
Wessel and Stapleton.

An exceedingly pretty and engaging trifle, which, we imagine, if it once got into a young lady's head, would not speedily get out again. M. Burgmüller is one of the best of his tribe, and displays in most of his arrangements, but in this particularly, considerable tact and clearness. We can recommend this galop as highly useful to those masters who dare not teach their pupils classical music, and who, nevertheless, wish to eschew rubbish. It is one of the very best things we have yet seen from Auber's much talked of opera, and M. Burgmüller has decked it out to the utmost possible advantage. It is quite a treat, in this age of dullness, to get hold of a lively and original melody, even though it be but a dance tune; and all the world knows that Auber is the most exuberant of living composers of such sports of the fancy.

An Essay on the Cultivation of Church Music. Edward Hodges, Mus. Doc.
J. H. Sparks, (New York.)

There is much to be learned from this unpretending little treatise, which must not be judged of from the modesty of its outside, but from the erudition displayed in its contents. We can recommend it to all who feel an interest in the highest department of musical composition.

Introduction to Choral Singing. J. A. Hamilton. D'Almaine and Co.

A very useful little book, which fully bears out the promise indicated by its title.

Jousse's Pocket Dictionary of Musical Terms. D'Almaine and Co.

From an old hand—as much as is necessary is contained in this compendium, and no more.

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Invaluable for infants, whose docile minds and tender comprehensions will suck up its pap-like contents like butter-milk.

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Containing nothing new—nothing offensive—nothing important—and nothing of any consequence whatever.

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Complete Catechism on Counterpoint. J. A. Hamilton.

Cocks and Co.

We can strongly recommend every one of these short treatises as the very best of their kind—moderate in price, and replete with valuable information.

Description of Maelzel's Metronome. J. A. Hamilton. Cocks and Co.

As we consider Maelzel's Metronome useless, so must we consider a description of its properties useless. They who cannot *feel* the time of a piece of music, will never derive any advantage from machinery. We abominate all kinds of musical clockwork, as we detest self-acting pianos, and snuff-box waltzes, the very dregs of art, and a scandal to such artists as make use of them.

The Pansanger March. William Goodwin. W. Goodwin.

There is a boldness about this march, which, though it contain no point absolutely new, renders it acceptable to the musician, while the freedom of its melody, and the decision of its rhythm, make it equally welcome to the less cultivated amateur. We are glad to see Mr. Goodwin in a field wherein we have long thought he had a right to walk, and shall rejoice to meet with him oftener, and we hope speedily, in a more important form. For a short and unpretending trifle, nothing can be possibly better than the Pansanger March.

King Canute. Written by G. Macfarren, Esq. Song. G. A. Macfarren. Hill and Co.

We have already passed a favourable review on this in its glee-form, as it first appeared; since that it has acquired great popularity, and is now presented in the shape of a song, in order that one person may derive the pleasure which was formerly shared by three—an arrangement, which though it diminish the mutuality of the executive satisfaction, will increase the means for auditorial contentment, for all the principal features of the original are concentrated in the song before us. As the chief effect of this composition arises from the humorous character of the words, and as the public voice has corroborated our opinion of three years ago, that they are a most novel and happy treatment of the popular historical anecdote, we insert them for the edification and entertainment of our readers:—

"In the merry old times of our ancestors,
When the Saxons and Danes ruled here;
They feasted right well,
As their chronicles tell,
And got drunk every day in the year.

"One day when the King was royally fresh,
They throned him upon the sea-shore;
And commanded the waves,
Like infidel slaves,
To be humble their master before.

"But the billows were all so rolling drunk,
That they scared the whole court from Dover;
And they foamed and they roared,
'We scorn such a lord;
He's a King only half seas over!'

"Then his Majesty summoned both Commons and Lords,
'Let's be merry and wise,' quoth he;
'To quell this commotion,
We'll drink up the ocean,
And so become Lords of the Sea!'

The song is embellished with a brilliant lithographic title, and we recommend it as a very seasonable stimulus to music and merriment.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Metropolitan.

MR. WILSON'S SECOND LECTURE—MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Wilson resumed his discourse on Scottish music and song. We were unable to discover any new light of so great importance as that which this gentleman threw upon the subject in his first lecture, nor can we even persuade ourselves that any of Mr. Wilson's numerous audience elicited the least profitable information from all that was said upon the present occasion. However, if not to be instructed, the company determined to be amused, which is, perhaps, a more reasonable way of spending their time, and they accordingly encored no less than six of Mr. Wilson's illustrations, and signified their opinion of the whole lecture by the most rapturous applause.

BLACKHEATH.

Mr. John Parry's Concert, at the Assembly Rooms, Green Man, Blackheath, was attended by all the elite and beauty of that charming *voisinage*. Among the most interesting points in the entertainment, we may mention Mr. J. Bennett's "Adelaida," Miss Rainforth's "Come live with me," a fantasia on the piano-forte, by Miss Binckes (a promising pupil of Mr. Aspull), and a very pretty ballad by Mr. John Parry himself, sung by Miss Birch, the words of which are from the pen of the talented Miss Eleanora L. Montague. The latter so much pleased us that we are tempted to insert them.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

BY MISS ELEANORA L. MONTAGUE.

Oh! say not all fair things are fled; sweet sister, say not so!
Our souls are still as verdant as we knew them long ago;
'Tis true the summer waneth, but the summer of the heart
Is sweeter than its fading rose, and will not so depart.
You grieve when autumn cometh, yet, though sad its light appear,
To me it is the starry time—the night-fall of the year!

I look not on the falling leaves, but deep within my breast
I mark the changing sea of life, in trouble and in rest:
We've wept through many a summer, and mourned through many a spring;
But oh! 'tis not in things like these to soften sorrow's sting;
When slept the flowers in autumn's grave, we smiled above their fall;
'Tis the heart, the mighty heart within, that beautifieth all!

This elegant little ballad was deservedly encored, and was very charmingly sung by Miss Birch. Miss A. Kemble delivered two or three pieces, distinguished in an equal degree by the perfection of their execution and the nullity of their merit as compositions. Why will this really clever young lady persist in degrading that art which she was born to elevate? Why will she, who has the power of adding one more wreath to the glory of the name of Kemble, do her best to bury its splendour in the dust? Why, when she can, if she please, lead the public, and enlighten their ignorance, will she be led by them, and succumb to their fatuity? Solve this enigma who can! Miss A. Kemble has been singing of late "Hark, hark! the lark!" and others of the clever songs of Schubert, for which we give her due praise, and are only surprised that she does not proceed further in that higher school of ballads; there are plenty by Mendelssohn, Spohr, Bennett, Macfarren, Henry Smart, Edward Loder, &c., well worthy her attention, instead of returning to the insipid ditchwater of Pacini and Bellini. Mr. John Parry's comicalities were, as usual, convulsing; and the company (consisting of nearly six hundred of the beauty and wealth of Blackheath) departed highly delighted. Mr. J. Parry (many persons having been unable to obtain admittance) announces another concert early in February.

PROMENADE CONCERTS, ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

A selection from the *The Mountain Sylph* was performed last week, which comprised "The Scarf Trio," "Farewell to the Mountain," and the "Fortune Telling Scene." M. Laurent, Jun., played the song on the cornet-à-piston, and was

considerably applauded; but, with this exception, the fantasia was by no means successful. This was not, of course, for want of interest in the original score, because the pieces chosen have always been the most effective in this highly popular opera. The music in *Macbeth* has also been played, and with the same effect as it so frequently produced at the Drury Lane Concerts. We are glad to notice, at length, a departure from the hitherto unexcepted system of giving an entirely exotic programme.

Provincial.

*. This department of the "MUSICAL WORLD" is compiled and abridged from the provincial press and from the letters of our country correspondents. We are, therefore, not responsible for any matter or opinion it may contain.—Ed. M. W.

LICHFIELD.—On the 17th instant, an evening concert was given by Mr. Bennett, of the Cathedral, which was well attended. Miss M. B. Hawes, Mr. Pearsall, and Mr. Machin, aided by Master Plant, Master Smith, Messrs. Caunter, Harrison, and Bennett, acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the audience; Mr. Evans, of Birmingham, presided at the pianoforte. From the appearance of the house, Mr. Bennett's wishes must have been fully realized.

DUBLIN.—Mr. Pigott, who has engaged M. Jullien and his band of solo performers, has been giving a series of concerts in the suite of rooms in the Rotunda. Herr Koenig was one of the chief attractions. A selection of the airs from Bellini's opera, "I Puritani," was performed last Saturday evening, arranged by Jullien. Mr. Richardson's solos on the flute were greatly applauded. We were glad to see these concerts well attended, as we consider them well calculated to improve the musical taste of the Dublin folks. [Query—Ed. M. W.]

BRIGHTON.—The Quartet Club terminated its first session on Thursday last, by the performance of Fesca's No. 5, Op. 2, in G minor; Mozart's delicious No. 1, in G, Op. 10; and the marvellous and Herculean No. 1, Op. 59, of Beethoven. This consummation, which was more than creditably accomplished, is the best eulogy of the talent and taste of the artists, Messrs. Oury, Gutteridge, Thom, and Hausmann, whose exertions have given universal satisfaction. There will be a short recess during the holidays; but the club will resume its meetings for the enjoyment of real classical music early in the new year.

Madame de Belleville Oury gave her second *Matinée d'Invitation* on Tuesday (by permission), at the noble mansion of Col. Webster. More than a hundred of the most distinguished fashionables in Brighton were present, and a charming selection of pianoforte and chamber music was executed in excellent style by Madame Oury and her pupils, assisted by Mr. Oury and Mr. Hausmann. Several vocal compositions were also very well given by young ladies, visitors; and the whole entertainment gave the highest satisfaction.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. Henry Farmer gave a concert on Thursday evening, the 25th of November. The opening overture having been performed, Messrs. J. Farmer, Sharp, Marriott, R. Matheson, Revil, Scotney, Maxfield, and Smith, gave the chorus, "Oh, bold Robin Hood!" in excellent style. Miss M. Williams, Miss Bruce, and Signor A. Sola, were deservedly applauded. Mr. Nicholson's fantasia "on the Oboe called forth repeated applause; the overture to "William Tell" concluded the first part. The overture to "Der Freyschutz" was very creditably performed. Miss Bruce, Miss Williams, Signor Sola, and Mr. Land, in the solo and quartet, "Ivan alcun, desir," were encored. A violin concerto, the composition of Mr. Henry Farmer, was executed by him with all the brilliancy and judgment that could be wished by his warmest friends and admirers. The national anthem closed the concert; the orchestra, which was as efficient and powerful as could be desired, was led by Mr. H. Farmer and Mr. Willy; Mr. Woolley presided at the pianoforte.

CHATHAM CATCH AND GLEE CLUB.—The third meeting of this society took place on Tuesday, (the 14th inst.,) when an excellent muster of company was drawn together. Several overtures were admirably executed, particularly the overture to *Tancredi*, which was rapturously applauded. Messrs. Miles, Marriner, and Whiffen sang some glees, and Miss Garrish a couple of solos; all of which were well received.

SALISBURY.—The Philharmonic Society gave its second concert for the season on Thursday, December 16th. Beethoven's *sinfonia* in C was well delivered by the band: Horsley's much-vaunted, but very twaddling glee, "See the chariot at hand!" followed next, and we were greatly relieved when it gave place to Haydn's "O! tuneful voice," the parent of "Adelaida!" Oh! beautiful mother!—oh! still lovelier daughter! we adore ye both! Mr. C. Lucas played a fantasia on the violoncello, introducing that piquant novelty, "Gentle Zifella;" the dyspepsia caused by this was purged away by that irresistible antidote to dulness, the "Oberon" overture. Rossini's "Semiramide" set us in the humour for dancing, which speedily subsided into an overpowering inclination to somnolence, on the appearance of a drug-like glee, by one Greville; a song by Lachner set us fairly snoring; a violin solo on the fourth string of De Beriot made us dream of lollypops and stick-liquorice; a Scotch ballad confirmed our sleep to such a degree of deadness that it was long odds we were to awake no more; but Mozart, like a giant refreshed, touched us on the shoulder, and bore us up to Olympus, to listen to his overture to "Clemenza di Tito." We cannot avoid noticing a very artist-like announcement, which appears in the programmes immediately after the Scotch trumpery, and previous to the final overture, to the intent that a short interval is allowed for such as comprehend not good music, to walk out before the overture commences, so as not to disturb those who do. This is highly creditable to the Salisbury "Philharmonic Society," which has our best wishes.

Foreign.

Paris, Hotel des Trois Echelles, Dec. 16.

DEAR WORLD.—There is a sad dearth here of anything interesting relative to musical matters. A great deal of palaver has been bandied about concerning Mr. Balfe's new opera for "Les Italiens," which, between you and me, dear World, I do not think will ever see the light, for the very best of all reasons—Mr. Balfe has not, nor ever had, any intention of *writing* an opera, whatever may have been his motive in setting his injudicious friends to write to puff him in the public journals. This is the tenth opera of Mr. Balfe's that has positively been promised to the Parisian public. An enormous splutter has been raised here lately about poor Hippolyte Monpou, lately deceased; subscriptions are raising to erect a monument to his memory. This is sad nonsense. Poor Monpou was about as good a musician as Alexander Lee, without his power of writing melodies, though from the extravagant hyperbole of the press, one would be led to imagine him a Beethoven at least. M. Escudier has written a long rigmarole about him in the "France Musicale," as a specimen of which, take the following, which, by the way, gives a tolerable idea of French criticism in general:—

"A cruel existence is led by those men whose imagination incessantly roves among unknown regions, in search of new ideas, and new forms of expression. Alone with their intellect, they dive into the profoundest reveries, burying themselves in solitary paths, traversing that desert of the world—the air, to arrive at space, that desert of eternity. (!!) They undertake all this with the sole idea of finding some new melody, some piquant colouring, some seductive harmony; and when they awake and look around them, they encounter nought but jealousy and indifference; they begin again their travels among the regions of dream, the solitude of desert and space; they awake once more to scatter forth the flowers and jewels they have collected on the road, and meet with looks of coldest apathy. Monpou was one of these men; (!!) a contemplative dreamer from habit, he lived the life of poets, flying the noise of the busy world, which fettered his ideas; giving wings to his fancy, he fled, in her company, into the depth of forests, to the bottom of the blue waters, among the starry realms, into the kingdom of perfumes. (!!) When his soul returned home again, he opened his portfolio, and the poor poet scattered handfuls of melodies, like golden showers, fresh as roses, and ever seasoned with softness and flames!"

Hyperbole for ever! What think you of this, dear World?

An enormous fuss is making at this moment between those eminent quacks, MM. Schlesinger and Troupenas, about the copyright of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*,

which, it would appear, the *gran maestro* had indited in some lady's album, from whose pages it was transferred to the press of M. Schlesinger, who is thus apparently defrauding M. Troupenas of his property. As this is a grave question of copyright, I will send you particulars of the decision, when it takes place. We have a good deal of fun here about the Chopin controversy. M. Chopin has a great party, but the cognoscenti who admire young Reber, (by far the best musician of France,) the *juste milieu* who adore Auber, the exotics who worship MM. Meyerbeer and Rossini, and the long-haired maniacs who idolize Berlioz, think very little of him. M. Chopin is said to be highly incensed at being compared to Bennett and Macfarren, of neither of whom does he know anything whatever, having been heard to say that the only musician of any pretension in England was young Henry Brinley Richards, of the Academy, who has dedicated some sketches to him, one of which Reber played to me the other day. I must confess I see but little in the one I heard, "Le Soir;" it is, and Reber is of this opinion, a very close imitation of Sterndale Bennett, but nothing like so good. I have nothing more to tell you of any interest whatever; so till next time, which will be a near at hand time, adieu.

Yours, &c. P. F. M.

Miscellaneous.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Macready's long and anxiously expected announcement of his musical intentions has been put forth during the week, which shews his proudly ostentated design of fostering and encouraging native art, to have been nothing but a charlatanic boast to quicken the expectation and waver the judgment of the very many who, as artists and as patrons, are so deeply interested in his arrangements. The musical novelties he has advertised are—Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, anybody's *Comus*, and Purcell's *King Arthur*. Novelties forsooth! We will not quibble upon the want of novelty in the reproduction of compositions of former times—excellence is ever new and must be ever admirable; but we deny the novelty and even the integrity of the present announcement. *Acis and Galatea* was produced at the Queen's Theatre, in 1831, with scenery and action, when by means of the intrinsic excellence and powerfully dramatic character of the original composition, the skilful additional accompaniments of Mr. Cipriani Potter, and the admirable stage arrangements and appointments with which it was brought out, its performance was eminently effective. The idea of dramatizing this chef d'œuvre of its immortal author was then a novelty—it is now an imitation. *Comus* is a pasticcio compiled from several poems of Milton, and interspersed with music of all characters and almost all ages, without any evident design or connexion, and without much more effect. Handel, Arne, Bishop, and any one else who has ever set any of Milton's secular poetry to music, have from time to time had their compositions introduced into a sort of dramatic concert. *Comus* and the *Lady* have walked on and off the stage spouting the blank verse of the masque, apparently more for the sake of giving the singers breathing time, than of doing justice to their author, or even interesting their audience. Pageantry had been introduced to give to the whole a theatrical effect, if not dramatic interest; and this has been called doing justice to the genius of the immortal poet on the British stage. This attempt has been so often repeated that it seems as though it never had been a novelty, and we may almost augur it never can be effective. *King Arthur* was revived in the last season of the old English Opera House, with a new libretto, several interpolations from Purcell's other dramatic works, and modern instrumentation by Mr. Kearns; when, on account of Miss Kelly's powerful acting in the character of Emmeline, and the great and general interest as to the merits of the English school of dramatic music which had at that time no living representative, this ingenious amalgamation was, to a certain extent, attractive. This is sufficient to prove that the reproduction of *King Arthur* will be no novelty. We have already shewn that there is nothing genuine in the music of *Comus* to bring forward, and the poem, however beautiful its language and ingenious in its machinery, is, we think,

all will admit, from its want of dramatic interest, merely by itself, unsuited for public performance. Respecting the music of *King Arthur*, it is not generally known, that notwithstanding the high esteem in which some pieces are held by the lovers of Purcell, there is not a complete copy of the work to be found; and there are so many discrepancies between the several fragmentary copies that are known to exist, that the most careful collation of them has not brought to light all the music which is supposed to have been written for this piece. So much is this the case, that the council of the Musical Antiquarian Society, who had intended that this, as being the most renowned of all his dramatic compositions, should have been the first work of its author which they should have printed, were, and are, still obliged to delay the sending it to press, in the hope to obtain, by careful research and inquiry, such pieces as have not yet been discovered, in order that it may be, if possible, issued to the members complete. It will thus be seen, that to pretend to produce Dryden's *King Arthur*, with the music of Purcell, is to take advantage of a name and a reputation, and if not to impose upon the public, at least to equivocate with them. In conclusion, we cannot forbear to observe, that the demands of the many living authors who are pining for an opportunity, and who have full ability, could they once obtain it, to turn such opportunity to great honour and advantage, not merely to themselves, but to the national character of their art, might have induced a liberally-minded man and a patriot to take the novelty that is teeming round him, rather than to have repeated the antiquarian researches of former managers. Delighted as we are to obtain access to the most classical models for our young and growing musical genius, we assert that Mr. Macready, in the high ground of his self-assumption—namely, as arbiter of public taste and controller of private talent, ought to have considered that encouragement as well as example necessary to the development of musical as much as of all other merit.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—It is contemplated to produce a complete version of Mozart's *Figaro*, and an adaptation of Weber's *Euryanthe*, after the run of the forthcoming slipslop of *Mercadante*. Anything will be better than a continuation of such most unexampled and more unexemplary insufficiencies, but if anything, as anything, why not anything effected by our own countrymen, to place English dramatic music upon its proper station in the mighty temple of public esteem.

LORD BURGHESHS has succeeded to the title and estates of his late father, the Earl of Westmorland, who expired at Brighton, on the 15th instant. The new earl was born in 1784, and married in 1811, the third daughter of Lord Maryborough, niece of the Duke of Wellington. It is to be hoped that the accession of wealth, that he must obtain by his accession to the title, will enable his lordship to become in future as solid a patron of music as he has hitherto been a reputed one.

MR. BALFE's new Italian opera, *Elfrida*, will not be given at Paris this season.

M. THALBERG is starring in Italy. He arrived at Milan on the 23rd ult.

SIGNOR DONIZETTI is engaged to write a new opera for the company now playing at La Scala; it is to be entitled *Maria Pedilla*.

M. POULTIER, lately a cooper at Rouen, is now an immense favourite at the Academie Royale, where he promises to eclipse Duprez. His engagement for three years has been signed; for the first he is to receive 6000 francs, for the second 10,000, and for the third 15,000.

M. LISZT.—The Duke of Saxe Weimar has conferred the decoration of the White Falcon on the musical thunderer.

HERR NEEB, the German composer, has just completed a new grand opera, entitled *Dominico Baldi*, which is to be brought out immediately at Frankfort.

MR. ELIASON.—A correspondent informs us that Mr. Eliason has an opera in preparation, with designs on Drury Lane for its production. We have plenty of non-resident foreigners who deluge us with trash, without the necessity for those who are even too bad for the Continent to pester us with their insipid puerilities. "The Gipsy's Warning" is quite enough, without any "warning" from Mr.

Eliason, who, we hope, will take our "warning," and march off to Vienna, or some other sink of musical iniquity, where such nonentities as Lindpainter, Lachner, Kalliwooda, and others of the gang, enjoy a high reputation. Mr. Eliason may have a chance there for the infusion of his dullness among his own countrymen; here we have already so many neglected native composers, that we want none of him. It is, in our opinion, a gross piece of impudence on the part of Mr. E., or any other transplanted German nobody, to think of foisting his works on a British public, when such men as Barnett, Loder, Macfarren, and Henry Smart, have each of them two or three *completed operas* as yet unheard. Go to Vienna, Mr. Eliason, go, we charge you! Here you are one too many,—we have not a loaf to spare,—we are all of us hungry,—lacking sustenance,—existing on the precarious means of teaching bad music to silly pupils, instead of attempting great things for the honour of our country. Go! go! go!

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The examination for the King's Scholarships took place on Friday, and the election has been decided in favour of Miss Kate Loder, it being the second time she has obtained this honourable distinction, and Mr. J. C. Toms.

Mr. F. Cox, of the Royal Academy of Music, is engaged, at a salary of one-hundred a-year, to teach sight-singing in the establishment of the Duke of Sutherland. The engagement requires his constant residence with the family in town and country. We are glad to find that so high a scion of the nobility should feel an interest, and employ so great a sum in the encouragement of this lofty branch of musical education, which, brought to its greatest perfection, involves execution of glees, *à livre ouvert*, by the most undersized urchins. How judicious of his Grace of Sutherland not to have bestowed his substantial patronage in favour of the advance of that inferior department of art—composition.

Mr. T. COOKE has been for the last three months engaged in writing additional accompaniments to "*Acis and Galatea*," for Drury Lane. It is at any time a bold adventure to wage additions to Handel, but Mr. Cooke runs a greater hazard. It will not merely be considered whether he have improved or deteriorated his great original, but also whether he had not better have taken the musician-like accompaniments of Mr. Cipriani Potter, which have already proved so effective, and which, without offence to Mr. T. Cooke, whose undoubted talents we respect as they deserve, we scarcely think he can excel, if even he can equal them.

MR. LINDLEY.—The following panegyric on this distinguished artist appeared in a recent number of a provincial contemporary. It is so just an eulogium upon his *peculiar* style, and so graphic a description of his personal appearance, while it is at the same time so strong an evidence of the refined state of musical enthusiasm in the provinces, that we cannot forbear the pleasure of extracting it:—"So frequently, indeed, have we enumerated the leading points in Mr. Lindley's playing, that last year we were obliged to confine ourselves to the assertion,—which must serve us now as it did then,—that *Lindley is Lindley still*; his powers unimpaired, his fine perception of the beautiful and the chaste in his art undimmed and unclouded, and his judgment undebauched by the continuous and universal praise that has been and continues to be so prodigally bestowed upon him. Like Cleopatra, 'age cannot wither him, nor custom stale his infinite variety,' and he has still about him all the freshness and elasticity of youth.

A mirthful man he is—the snows of age
Fall, but do not chill him. Gaiety,
Even in life's closing, touches his teeming brain
With such wild visions, as the setting sun
Rises in front of some hoar glacier,
Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues." (!!!!!)

LOUIS XVI. in his journey through Normandy, heard a peasant in the environs of Caen, singing a jovial popular song, and was so pleased with it that when it was finished his majesty cried "Bis! bis!" The peasant inquired what that meant, and was told that it signified again, or once more. Accordingly, he

sang the song a second time, on which the king gave him a piece of gold. The peasant cried "Bis! bis!" and would probably have repeated the cry, if the king, laughing heartily, and giving him a second piece of money, had not said "Assez! assez!"—*From a Correspondent.*

WORKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

"In yonder happy cottage"—Joseph Netzer. "A Guide to Modern Piano-forte Playing"—Ferdinand Pelzer. British Vocal Album, No. 5, "Poor heart be still," written by Miss E. L. Montague; composed by J. W. Davison. Ditto, No. 7, "Hail, gentle flower," written by Desmond Ryan; composed by Clement White.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

Promenade Concerts at the English Opera House—Thursday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.

Miss Vinning, and Mr. Emmanuel, at the Adelaide Gallery—Monday and Wednesday.

Miss Kemble in Norma—Thursday and Tuesday

Mr. Paul Bedford in Norma—Thursday, Monday, and Tuesday.

The "Messiah," at Exeter Hall—on Wednesday.

Mr. Wilson's Third Lecture, Store-street—Monday.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to numerous applications and complaints from our provincial friends, it is respectfully stated that the "MUSICAL WORLD" is published EVERY THURSDAY, AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, so that London readers may be supplied in the course of the afternoon, and country Subscribers will receive their copies by the same evening's post, or through their respective agents in the district where they reside.

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Correspondents are requested to observe, that all letters for the Editor, Works for Review, &c., must henceforth be sent, post and carriage free, to the care of Mr. H. Cunningham, at the MUSICAL WORLD OFFICE, No. 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; many delays and disappointments having occurred through their being addressed to the former publishers. It is also necessary to notice, that communications received after Tuesday cannot be available for the current week's number.

"C's" news is always welcome, but generally too late. His advice is by no means desirable on the points to which he alludes. We have entire confidence in the opinions of our reviewer, and, consequently, never interfere with him in the duties of his department.

"B. A." Thanks for his budget. About Mr. Wilson's discovery of the remarkable properties of the black keys, we entertain no interest whatever, since, on trial, we find that the white keys possess the same enviable qualities; and the "Rose tree in full bearing" is about as insipid on one as on the other. We must kindly decline our correspondent's future advice about our reviewer, who seems, we know not why, very generally dreaded.

"J. L." (Salisbury) has come to hand.

"E. T." We are not in the least aware who is the musical critic in the "Spectator," as all our ingenious readers will admit, our remarks of last week apply exclusively to the writer, and not to the person. Our correspondent is recommended not to attempt to dive into the mysteries of editorial identity—he may find many a false friend hidden under the obscurity of a newspaper anonyne.

"Miss H." We are not aware that the Gresham Committee have made any arrangement with Mr. Macready for the delivery of Professor Taylor's lectures in Drury Lane Theatre.

"H—." We have carefully read Mr. Chorley's work, and shall review it in an early number.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

VOCAL.		
Rossini's Stabat Mater	-	Ever
Netzer, "In yonder happy cottage"	-	Ditto
Corrado D'Altamura. Opera, by F. Ricci	-	Boosey
L'Amo qual S'ama un astere Aria		Ditto
De Mei falli innanzi a Dio. Duetto finale		Ditto
Ben dal di ch'io te perdel Duettino		Ditto
Io l'hoamato. Duetto finale del Prologo		Ditto
O Cara tu sei l'angelo Cavatina		Ditto

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